

Good Morning 627

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"Pat" gets into the Picture and switches on some doggie appeal.



"Traveller's" Tale for A.B. Charles Hope

WITH your sister away in the A.T.S. and your father on police duty, there were only your mother and your dog Pat in when we called at 353, Wood-lane, Dagenham, Essex, A.B. Charles Hope.

Your mother told us that Dorothy is expecting to go overseas very shortly as a nursing orderly, and she hopes there will be a chance of you meeting some time.

Until you are able to spend your Sundays at home again, your mother is looking after

your bicycle for you, and if you are as keen on cycling as you were before you went into the Navy, it shouldn't take you long to put it together again.

Your father is looking forward to taking you down to the Travellers again to meet Mrs. Hollis and have a game of darts.

Meanwhile, he and your mother are getting the house ready for your return, which they hope will not be too long delayed.

Talk of the Band, Sto. Albert Sandwell

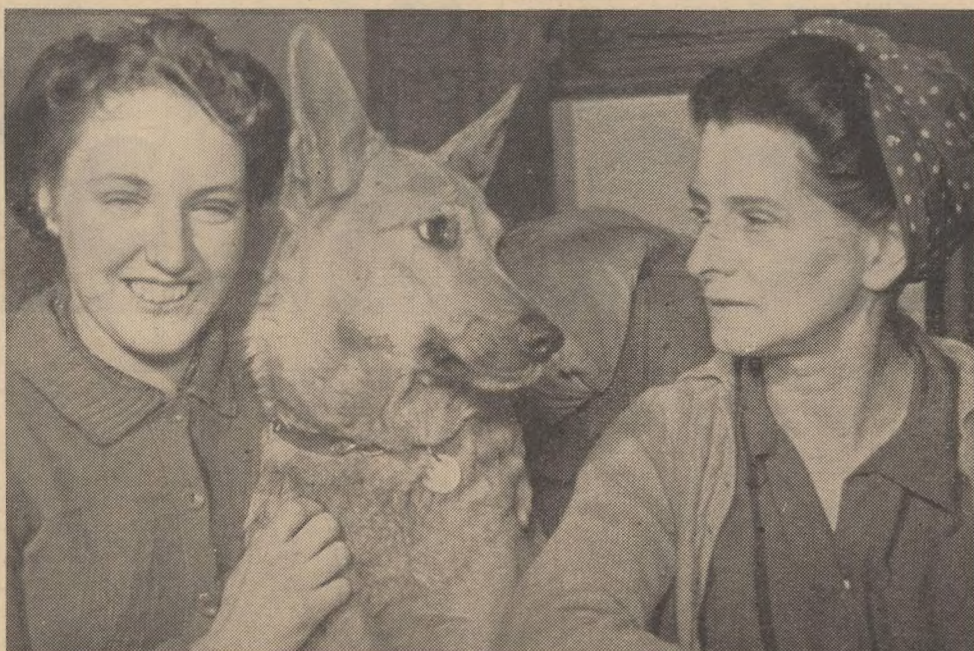
YOUR mother is keeping your bed well aired for you at 34, Cheviot-road, Romford, Stoker (1st class) Bert Sandwell, and she hopes it won't be long before you are able to use it again.

She and Joan were in the best of health when we called, and as for Lassie, well, we soon became friends with her. We were told your father is still enjoying good health, and sister Joan was very well when she came home from Somerset after a holiday.

You will also be glad to hear that Doreen is keeping well, and is working hard in London.

Your saxophone will be wait-

ing for you when you get home, before you get back with the Bert, and we join your mother other boys and get the band in hoping that it won't be long going again.



Tommy T's Journey Was Necessary (For Some Lucky People)

AT eight o'clock in the morning I was standing on Paddington Station, ready to go on a very long trip, when I looked up at a big poster saying, "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?" I suddenly wondered to myself—"Is it?"

I was going to Italy, not as a soldier, but as a civilian, and would a civilian be out of place in such surroundings? I was going as an entertainer—an E.N.S.A. artiste—and with that thought in mind, I said, "Trinder, your journey is necessary."

I boarded a train, and away we went to an airport somewhere in England—our adventure had commenced. Then we were put on to an aeroplane, and I sat there wondering how far in the clouds I was going and where I was going to land next.

But we came down after about an hour's flying somewhere else in England. We were taken to a camp for American airmen on operations, where we were told that we mustn't use the telephone or get into contact with the outside world at all.

We didn't know when we were going to leave England, so we sat about and chatted and drank tea until about the middle of the night, when in came the pilot and said, "Gentlemen, we are ready to start."

We got into the plane, and it was quite a while before I realised we were airborne and on our way to—well, I didn't know. At half-past seven in the morning, in came the wireless operator and said, "O.K. Strap yourselves in; we're going to land." We were coming into Gibraltar.

Ten-thirty, on to the plane—off again—and our next stop Algiers. By lunch-time we saw the North African coast. We landed at the aerodrome—it's rather like Croydon was in the old days—and I got into a Jeep and drove through the streets, wondering if I'd landed in a scene from the Arabian Nights.

There were Arabs in dressing-gowns, women with yashmaks, and thousands, really thousands, of lorries and cars and tanks. Lieut. Vic. Green, O.C. Entertainments, took me off to do a show for some R.A.S.C. boys—my first show in North Africa.

As I walked on the stage and heard the terrific shout that went up—"How's Lon-

don?" "How's Manchester?" "Have you been to Liverpool lately?"—I knew there and then my journey had really been necessary.

At the end of my show the whole audience crowded round me, asking questions about the people at home. In the whole of my tour I was asked the same three questions, literally hundreds of times:—

(1) Are they getting enough to eat at home?

TOMMY TRINDER tells DICK GORDON the Story of an ENSA trip to Italy

(2) Are the air raids very bad?

(3) What shows are on? And when I used to tell the boys that pantomimes were running—"Humpty-Dumpty," "Cinderella," and that the kiddies were going to see these shows—you could really see their faces light up—it meant an awful lot to them.

Well, after 26 shows and quite a few broadcasts, it's hardly surprising that in five days I lost my voice. So I reported to headquarters, and they said, "If you can't work to-day you'd better travel—you'd better go to Italy."

We made a perfect three-point landing at Naples. E.N.S.A. headquarters were opposite the Post Office, which had been mined by the Germans. It was a big, imposing building, all black marble, and from the outside looked undamaged.

At the entrance I was stopped by an armed guard—an Italian. I said, "Do you speak English?" He shook his head. I walked on, and he didn't fire his gun, so everything was all right.

That night I did a show at the Berelli Opera House. There were 4,000 troops in the theatre, which had six tiers of circles, each circle beautifully decorated with gold leaf, and the ceiling gorgeously painted. My first remark as I walked out on to the stage was, "Well, this certainly makes the Pal-

adium look shabby." A loud Cockney voice shouted, "All the same, I'd rather see you there, Tommy!"

After the show I met a very old friend, now an E.N.S.A. welfare officer—the famous novelist, Miss Naomi Jacob. There is a woman who is doing a terrific job of work.

From Naples I went forward with the Fifth Army as far as they'd let me go towards the front line. I worked in an Army hut. As usual, I didn't have a pianist, so I had to ask for volunteers.

From Santa Maria I went over the Volturno back to Naples.

On Sunday we went out to give a show on H.M.S. "Blue Pencil," which was lying in the Bay—I suppose, one of the most beautiful settings any artiste ever worked in. No art director ever designed anything so perfect.

There behind me was Vesuvius and the white houses of Naples, with the sun pouring down on everything. I was told afterwards that several ships passed during the performance, and all signalled the same message—"You lucky people."

I had a wonderful eight hours' run into Vasto in the Jeep. Every bridge had been blown up by the retreating Germans, but the R.E.s were equal to the task, and had built across every river a Bailey bridge. I crossed Kingston Bridge, Putney Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Westminster Bridge. Wherever there was a traffic hold-up, of course, I had to do a show, and the boys would brew up.

When I got to Vasto I went to the hostel, and staying there was a Scottish company, comprised entirely of artistes from around Glasgow. They'd been out there for more than a year, so were just as anxious for news as the troops. The girls were in battle-dress and leather flying jackets.

It was very cold, and as I sat there talking to them my admiration for these people out there with E.N.S.A. began to climb very, very high.



I don't suppose you know their names—Day Hunter, Bert Dixon, Margaret Smart, Ena Harris, Buddie Pollock, Georgina Tervet, and Kathie Meek, and the Gibson Sisters. But the boys out there know them all right.

Next morning I was in the Jeep at seven and on my way to San Veto, which was really getting up towards the front line again. My next call was San Ciano, where I played to another packed opera house.

I had the privilege of being the first E.N.S.A. artiste to work on this stage. This theatre couldn't be used regularly as it was under shell-fire. But there it was, packed to suffocation, and the boys sitting in the aisles.

Next I went to the gun sites, and after that back to Vasto over the Sangro River, where the R.E.s have done some more fine work.

Making my headquarters Bari, I travelled out one day to Taranto and another to Brindisi, then to Malta. I must say I felt very excited when I found myself flying over Malta—the George Cross Island.

From Malta to Tunis, from Tunis to Algiers, and from Algiers back to Gibraltar. I arrived back in England with no Customs to go through. (If I had only known!) I got home to my flat at 10.30 p.m., ready to report at the film studio at 7.30 a.m. the next day. It was fun while it lasted.

Home Town News

ONLY once since the war has Mr. Churchill visited South Wales. Then the sort of thing happened that "would" happen to him. Outside Cardiff Station posh limousines were drawn up. They were worth £2,000.

Cardiff meant to see to it that the leader of a great Empire at war should ride fittingly around the bomb-scarred City. But there was "nothing doing."

Winston said he wanted to see the people and the people to see him. So he walked behind the ceremonial cars and jumped on the back of a small National Fire Service runabout "buggy" car of the open type. It was bought by the Chief Constable of Cardiff for £5 and done up by his boys in the early days of the war.

And the £2,000 limousines trailed behind!

NEXT visit of the Premier will, however, be a flag-all-the-way one. The City of Cardiff has decided to confer the Freedom upon him.

It is not expected that the "do" will take place until Germany is beaten and probably a few months elapse.

Only big men are so honoured by the recognised Capital of Wales.

Others on the Freeman's roll

are: The King, Duke of Windsor, Viscount Sankey, Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes (when Premier of Australia) and Earl Lloyd George.

WHEN Cardiff City plays Swansea Town at soccer it is a field day. And Mrs. Churchill, who came to Cardiff in March, meant to see the game.

But it so happened that the City was due to play away at Swansea. A hurried reshuffling took place and the game was transferred to Cardiff for her benefit.

She came to start the ball rolling in a quarter of a million pounds' drive for the Y.M.C.A. war canteens, etc., fund.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Frio Kid was a bad man; and the rejection of his suit by Rosita McMullen turned him into a dangerous one, nursing vengeance against his rival. But Christmas softens the heart of the wildest outlaw, and O. HENRY tells how the Frio Kid returned one Xmas Day with the most precious of all gifts for the girl he loved.

THE original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing. At the end of that time it was worth it.

Had you lived anywhere within fifty miles of Sundown Ranch you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet-black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep-brown eyes, and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like the sound of a hidden brook.

The name of it was Rosita McMullen; and she was the daughter of old man McMullen of the Sundown Sheep Ranch.

There came riding on red roan steeds two woovers. One was Madison Lane and the other was the Frio Kid. But at that time they did not call him the Frio Kid, for he had not earned the honours of special nomenclature. His name was simply Johnny McRoy.

Madison Lane, a young cattleman from the Nueces country, won the race. He and Rosita were married one Christmas Day.

Sundown Ranch was sonorous with the cracking of jokes and sixshooters, the shine of buckles and bright eyes, the outspoken congratulations of the herders of kine.

But while the wedding feast

was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled shrilly, at the door, with his .45 in his hand. Even then he had some reputation as an off-hand shot.

His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's had not Carson, a sheepman, possessed a mind with triggers somewhat well oiled and in repair. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of roast venison and frijoles at McRoy, spoiling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom at a wedding.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny, "and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door. That night was the birth-

night of the Frio Kid. He became the "bad man" of that portion of the State. The rejection of his suit by Miss McMullen turned him to a dangerous man.

Many tales are told along the border of his impudent courage and daring. But he was not one of the breed of desperadoes who have seasons of generosity and even of softness. They say he never had mercy on the object of his anger. Yet at this and every Christmastide it is well to give each one credit, if it can be done, for whatever speck of good he may have possessed. If the Frio Kid ever did a kindly act or felt a throb of generosity in his heart it was once at such a time and season; and this is the way it happened.

One who has been crossed in love should never breathe the odour from the blossoms of the ratamata tree. It stirs the memory to a dangerous degree.

One December in the Frio country there was a ratamata tree in full bloom, for the winter had been as warm as springtime. That way rode the Frio Kid and his satellite and co-murderer, Mexican Frank. The Kid reined in his mustang and sat in his saddle, thoughtful and grim, with dangerously narrowing eyes. The rich, sweet scent touched him somewhere beneath his ice and iron. "I don't know what I've been thinking about, Mex," he remarked in his usual mild drawl, "to have forgot all about a Christmas present I got to give."

"I'm going to ride over tomorrow night and shoot Mad-

ison Lane in his own house. "He got my girl — Rosita would have had me if he hadn't cut into the game. I wonder why I happened to overlook it up to now?"

"Ah, shucks, Kid," said Mexican, "don't talk foolishness. You know you can't get within a mile of Mad Lane's house tomorrow night. I see old man Allen day before yesterday, and he says Mad is going to have Christmas doings at his house. You remember how you shot up the festivities when Mad was married, and about the threats you made? Don't you suppose Mad Lane'll kind of keep his eye open for a certain Mr. Kid? You plumb make me tired, Kid, with such remarks."

"I'm going," repeated the Frio Kid, without heat, "to go to Madison Lane's Christmas doings, and kill him. I ought to have done it a long time ago. Why, Mex, just two weeks ago I dreamed me and Rosita was married instead of her and him; and we was living in a house, and I could see her smiling at me, and—oh! h—ll, Mex, he got her; and I'll get him—yes, sir, on Christmas Eve he got her, and then's when I'll get him."

"There's other ways of committing suicide," advised Mexican. "Why don't you go and surrender to the sheriff?"

"I'll get him," said the Kid. Christmas Eve fell as balmy as April. Perhaps there was a hint of far-away frostiness in the air, but it tingled like seltzer, perfumed faintly with late prairie blossoms and the

mesquite grass.

When night came, the five or six rooms of the ranch-house were brightly lit. In one room was a Christmas tree, for the Lanes had a boy of three, and a dozen or more guests were expected from the nearer ranches.

At nightfall Madison Lane called aside Jim Belcher and three other cowboys employed on his ranch.

"Now, boys," said Lane, "keep your eyes open. Walk around the house and watch the road well. All of you know the 'Frio Kid,' as they call him now, and if you see him, open fire on him without asking any questions. I'm not afraid of his coming around, but Rosita is. She's been afraid he'd come in on us every Christmas since we were married."

The guests had arrived in

buckboards and on horseback, and were making themselves comfortable inside.

The evening went along pleasantly. The guests enjoyed and praised Rosita's excellent supper, and afterward the men scattered in groups about the rooms or on the broad "gallery," smoking and chatting.

The Christmas tree, of course, delighted the youngsters, and above all were they pleased when Santa Claus himself, in a magnificent white beard and furs, appeared and began to distribute the toys.

"It's my papa," announced Billy Sampson, aged six. "I've seen him wear 'em before." Berkly, a sheepman, an old friend of Lane, stopped Rosita as she was passing by him on the gallery, where he was sitting smoking.

"Well, Mrs. Lane," said he, "I suppose by this Christmas you've gotten over being afraid of that fellow McRoy, haven't you? Madison and I have talked about it, you know."

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A shaw is a cottage, stream, bridge, wood, hamlet?
2. For what sets of objects would you use the word "suite"?
3. What is the difference between (a) mordent, (b) mordant?
4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Frederick, (b) George?
5. What is the other common

name of the plant, Eggs-and-bacon?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—st., pf., ff., sfp., cf., sfz., fff., mf.

Answers to Quiz in No. 626

1. Perforation.
2. The quality that distinguishes it from the same note played on a different instrument.
3. (a) Boring tool, (b) fore-tell.
4. (a) Rich keeper, (b) Hairry.
5. Traveller's joy, old man's beard.
6. Hay is not used for roofing; others are.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



NEPTUNE is in the news again. Those of you who know Bristol are bound to know Neptune—the statue in Victoria Street. It's hitting the headlines again because, after having been shifted around from pillar to post for more than two centuries, Neptune has now been described as a "stupid statue." This was the phrase used by Mr. W. F. Wilkins at a meeting of Bristol Public Works Committee.

Poor old Neptune! It is bad enough having some practical joker hanging a Belisha beacon on its trident, as happened not long ago, but to be called "stupid" is shattering to the dignity of noble Neptune.

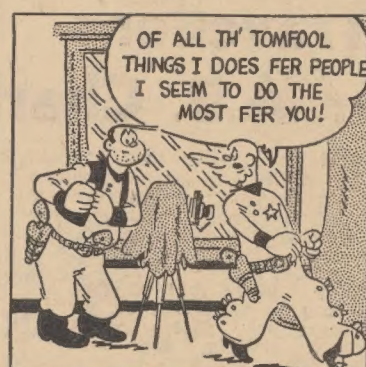
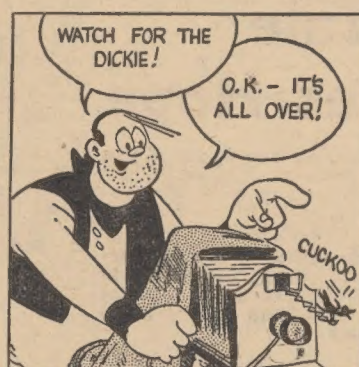
A history of Neptune, as given by Simon, the well-known Bristol writer, is interesting. It first appeared in Temple parish in 1723, right in the centre of Temple Street. When Bath Street was formed and the site cleared, sixty-four years later, the powers-that-be dumped the statue on the corner of Bear Lane. Then, in 1823, Neptune's centenary was celebrated by a move to Church Lane, to make room for an extension to Dr. White's Almshouses.

When Victoria Street was formed the statue was shifted to its present site at the point where Temple Street joins Victoria Street. Someone put on its base an inscription connecting Neptune with Bristol's celebration of the victory against the Spanish Armada, but antiquarians unanimously declare that there is no justification for this theory. It is doubtful whether Neptune will survive the re-planning of Bristol, and then folk might say, "Poor old Neptune!"

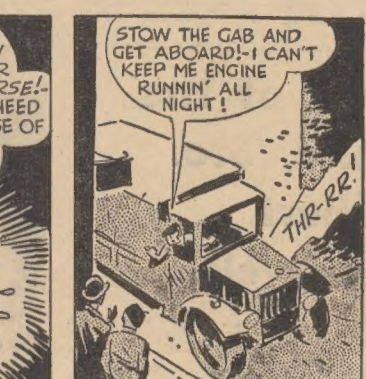
★
SERGT. GWYN WILLIAMS, a Pontycymmer lad and an R.A.F. paratrooper, has won the Welsh welter-weight boxing title, defeating Benny Price of Ammanford, who retired in the tenth round.

★
Sailor Dad to son: "It isn't any of your business how I first met your mother, but I can tell you that it certainly cured me of whistling."

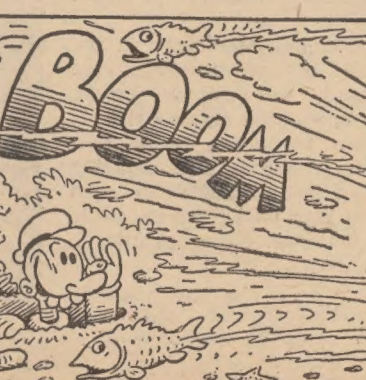
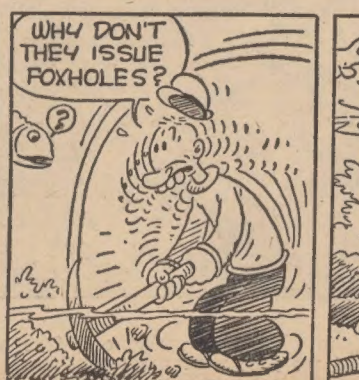
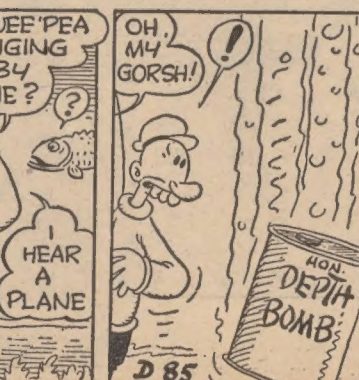
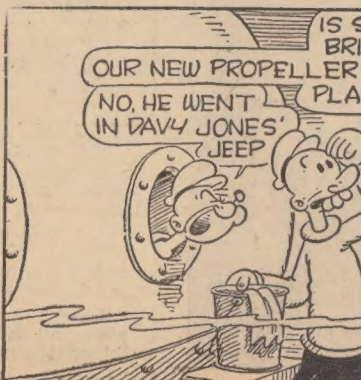
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 566

1. Behead to fetch and get a noise.
2. In the following motto both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ryt nagia n oyur tond seduceoc yrt ta striffh.
3. What famous explorer had ND for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: They — of thousands of cigarettes to the troops in Africa.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 565

1. B-awl.
2. Faint heart never won fair maid.
3. Shackleton.
4. Throw worth.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A Chaparral Xmas Gift

(Continued from Page 2)
"He's the most cold-hearted villain in the world," said Berkly. "The citizens all along the border ought to turn cut and hunt him down like a wolf."
Rosita turned into the hallway between the rooms. Santa Claus, in muffling whiskers and furs, was just coming through. "I heard what you said through the window, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I was just going down in my pocket for a Christmas present for your husband. But I've left one for you instead. It's in the room to your right."
Rosita went into the room, while Santa Claus stepped into the cooler air of the yard. She found no one in the room but Madison.
"Where is my present that Santa said he left for me in here?" she asked.
"Haven't seen anything in the way of a present," said her husband, laughing, "un-

less he could have meant me."
The next day, Gabriel Radd, the foreman of the X O Ranch, dropped into the post office at Loma Alta.
"Well, the Frio Kid's got his dose of lead at last," he remarked to the postmaster. "That so? How did it happen?"
"One of old Sanchez's Mexican sheep herders did it!—think of it! the Frio Kid killed by a sheep herder! The Greaser saw him riding along past his camp about twelve o'clock last night, and was so skeered that he up with a Winchester and let him have it."
"Funniest part of it was that the Kid was dressed all up with white Angora-skin whiskers and a regular Santa Claus rig-out from head to foot. Think of the Frio Kid playing Santa!"
THE END

PUZZLE CORNER

1. When Margaret said "Gold," Bert said "Chips." What word linked these two ideas in Bert's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder and why?—B L S H A E G K N O R
3. Good is to better what bad is to: good, best, worst, worse, medium?
4. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 1 grandson, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 3 sons, 1 daughter, 2 brothers, 1 sister, 1 nephew, 1 aunt, 2 uncles, 2 sisters-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 mother-in-law and 1 father-in-law. What is the smallest number of persons who need have been present?
5. When Barbara said "Hedge," Henry said "Barrage." What word linked these two ideas in Henry's mind?
6. Which of the following is an intruder and why?—Flight, Regiment, Squadron, Guards, Fleet, Company, Platoon.
7. Alpha is to omega what A is to: B O M N Z S?
8. If we call weeks quarts, days jugs, and months hogsheds, and reckon 30 days to a month, how many (a) jugs are there between the first and last quarts in a run of two-and-a-half hogsheds, and (b) whole quarts are there in five hogsheds?
9. When Frances said "Ball," Francis said "Horse." What word linked these two ideas in Francis's mind?
10. Which of the following is an intruder and why?—X U A V Y M H T N I O
11. Dawn is to dusk what sunrise is to cloud, storm, night, evening, sunset, moonshine?
12. If all heavy metals contain lead, some bronzes are hard, and no hard metals contain lead, is it necessarily true that (a) no bronzes contain

lead, (b) no hard metals are heavy, (c) some bronzes may be heavy?

Answers to Puzzles in No. 626.

1. Diary.
2. Worn does not refer to dimensions; others do.
3. Navy. (R.A.F. is younger than the R.F.C., and the Army is younger than the Navy.)
4. 36,960 beers (shillings).
5. A long time ago Mandalay was the capital of Burma.
6. Stallion is a young male horse; others are cattle.
7. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No.
8. Arthur, Doris, Edward Bert, Charlie, Florie.

SOLUTION TO WHO IS IT?

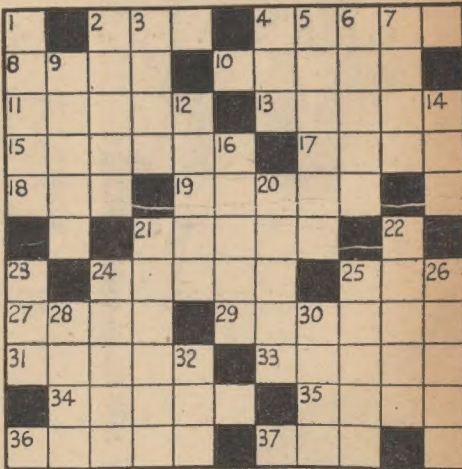
1. o t T e r
2. a l O o f
3. a l L o y
4. b a S i c
5. b a T h e
6. m o O r s
7. s h Y l y

Stay English, Says Critic

A PROTEST at attempts to Americanise British film players was made by Miss Dilys Powell, film critic, author and B.B.C. commentator, when she addressed the Leicester Drama Society at the Little Theatre.
There was no reason why the English girls should not look charming in their own way, she contended. Miss Powell stressed the essential differences between the screen and the stage. The stage depended first on words, she pointed out. The cinema's best expression was through pictures.
Stages in the development of the cinema were recalled by the speaker. First, pictures were taken from a static point of view, with the camera in one position, then a great creative mind came into the cinema, and pictures were no longer static.
For a time, with the coming of the first talkies, the screen deteriorated. They tended to become static and a feeble reproduction of the stage, but with technical advances this was overcome.
She had been prejudiced against filming of Shakespeare until she saw "Henry V." DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

HERB	BAITED
AROUSE	SODA
PITCH	PUN
PC	KID
MAZE	FRIEZE
NO	STINT
DR	PLAYED
U	DIED
DIN	MS
RAM	CUBES
ATOP	ATTIRE
BENIGN	STET



CLUES ACROSS.—2 State, 4 Sprite, 8 Persia, 10 Swiss capital, 11 Potato, 13 Pay, 15 Exulted loudly, 17 Furry animal, 18 Panama, 19 Suit, 21 Vegetable mould, 24 Legendary plant, 25 Veto, 27 Arab prince, 29 Details of dish, 31 Maritime, 33 Big bird, 34 Bait, 35 Let fall, 36 Head covering, 37 Black lignite.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Letter, 2 Wooden shoe, 3 Afresh, 4 Not many, 5 One of Three Musketeers, 6 Oblong of metal, 7 Dance, 9 Of the country, 10 Disprove, 14 Observe, 16 Objection, 20 Big match, 21 Boy's name, 22 Tree, 23 Chess pieces, 24 Internal organ, 25 Loop of rope, 26 Poor, 28 Compelled, 30 Instance, 32 Large number.

Good Morning

FIVE-STAR FOSTER-MOTHER. Mrs. Sybil Franklin, of Hove, Sussex, is foster-mother to ten babies. All have won cups, prizes or commendation for health and beauty at local baby shows. The babies come mostly from industrial districts, and after only a few months of Mrs. Franklin's care they blossom out as prize-winners.



Baby Mary, aged 2½ years, proudly clasps her competition cup and, rightly, defies all challengers.



Baby Mirabelle, aged three years, doesn't worry about challengers—she's got something good in HER cup!



When our wandering cameraman put this kiss-curl girl on our desk and announced that she was Spanish, we naturally asked him whether she was an old Spanish custom. And, believe it or not, that old Spanish customer couldn't reply!

A pub is always a friendly sight, but when it's a pub with flower-boxes over the doors and windows, it's a happy sight, too. The pub, clearly visible through the periscope, is "The Golden Lion." We don't rightly remember either the D.A. or the bearing, but it's to be found in Hoddesdon, Herts., anyway!



Her name is Patricia Roc. She works hard in British films, and is rapidly making a big name for herself. We think she's a lovely girl, and if you Submariners ever wonder whether she's a submerged rock (sorry!) just look at those twin light-houses in her eyes—and you'll have no more fears.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Passing himself off as a pilot now."

